

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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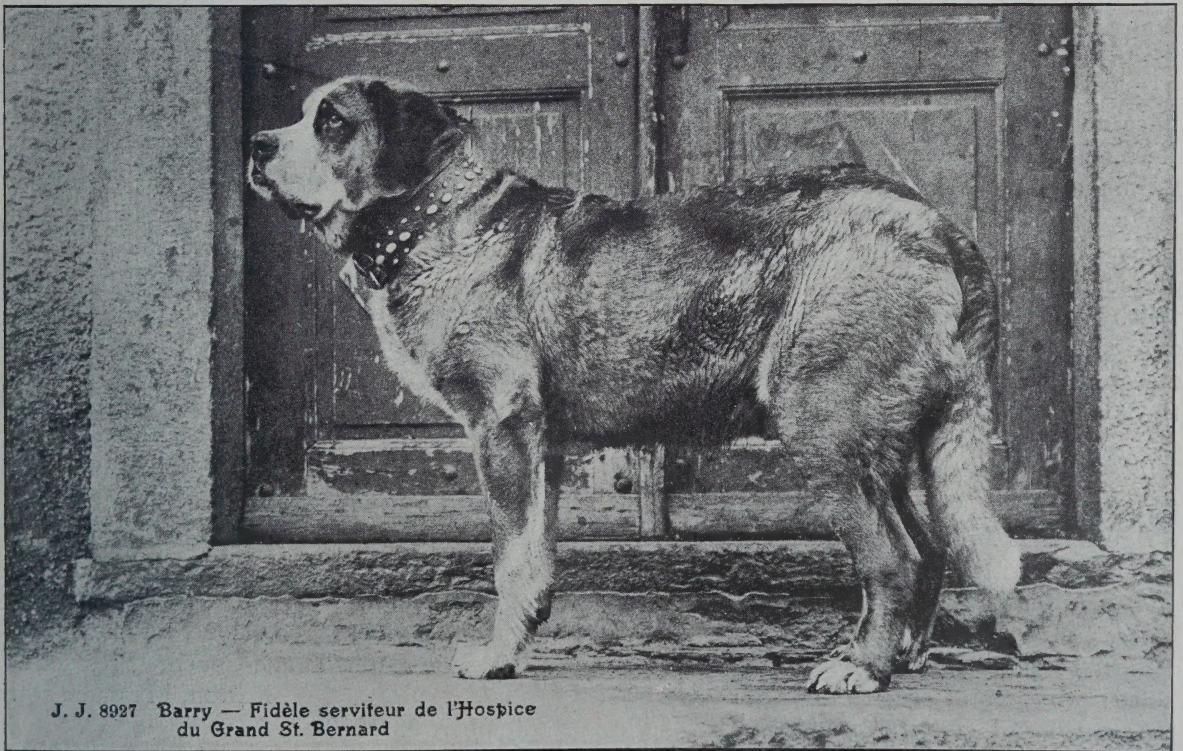
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J. J. 8927 Barry — Fidèle serviteur de l'Hospice
du Grand St. Bernard

BARRY III OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.
(See page 3.)

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

Mrs. Franklin Couch, president of the Berkshire Animal Rescue League, has sent in her third annual report. She writes:

We have held twelve regular meetings for the year, each well attended. We had the great pleasure of having Mrs. Kendall, president of the New Hampshire Women's Humane Society, at our May meeting, and we were intensely interested in her accounts of her splendid work. She gave us many helpful ideas. In June, at the earnest request of Dr. Stillman, president of the American Humane Association, the Berkshire Animal Rescue League became affiliated with the Federation of Humane Societies of America. In July, Mr. Thomson, who had served as treasurer of the Berkshire Animal Rescue League for about twenty-one months, proving most faithful and efficient, handed in his resignation. We are very glad to state that Mr. Newman was willing to accept the office at once. We can boast of only two new life members this year—Dr. Franklin Couch of Dalton, and Mr. Harry Eaton of New York.

We have had complaints of cruelty from many towns in Berkshire. We have cases reported daily by post or by telephone, all of which are conscientiously investigated by our humane officer and always remedied. Our officer has been handicapped hitherto by lack of time, being able to give us only a few hours each day, but now the work has assumed such proportions that we are obliged to employ his full time. From Mr. Goodwin's record of his work, we read that more than 250 poor, homeless cats have been taken off the streets of Pittsfield and painlessly put to death; 611 cases of horses have been investigated and visited again; 15 horses have been condemned and killed; two cases of cruelty to horses have been prosecuted and convicted, and one is pending trial now. Mr. Goodwin has killed 40 dogs who were sick or suffering, and he has returned six dogs to their owners and placed eight dogs in homes. He has examined 35 head of cattle.

The total number of animals involved in the year's work is 950, and besides that, we have kept watch of the poor little friendless burros of Berkshire Park.

The rescue work is difficult and puzzling, and often most distressing. Each day brings a few animals to be cared for—poor little derelicts on life's great ocean, often heartlessly abandoned, drifting in to us for aid, and always so pathetically grateful for the hand outstretched to help them and for food and for shelter. Surely the work has its compensations, too, for the comfort and happiness which we give to others, even to "the least of these," inevitably come back to us, enriching our own lives a hundredfold. And at the risk of being considered a "sentimentalist," I must speak of the great amount of happiness which has been added to our own lives by the dear dogs who so gladly share our home. Their deep and inextinguishable love and devotion have helped me over many a bit of rough road and through many a weary day—when often human friendship has proved but a broken reed.

Perhaps the most important statement for the whole year is the announcement that we have at last realized our fondest dream. Our Home of Rest for horses and dogs is established in Dalton. We have a house and barns and more than six acres of beautiful meadow land sloping down to the river, and here we plan to have a safe shelter for all the poor starving, friendless animals in all Berkshire. Those that are young and strong we shall give to trustworthy people, while poor little sick and suffering creatures shall be painlessly put to sleep. We realize that we are shouldering a heavy burden, but this work must be done. Kind friends have been raised up for us in the past in our times of need, and so we go bravely on our way, serenely trusting in that kind Power who has never yet failed us and who never will.

Jeannie Laflin Crane-Couch, President,

Dalton, Massachusetts.

September 9, 1910.

"An animal's rights consist in it having the liberty to live a natural life, restricted only so far as to meet the imperative requirements of man."



A HERO OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

The renowned St. Bernard dog, Barry III, who saved many lives on the Grand St. Bernard Pass, has lost his life in an avalanche after assisting in the rescue of two storm-bound travelers.

Barry recently guided Father Clavendier to two persons who had lost their way in a storm and who were safely brought to the hospice. Then Barry disappeared. As he often passed hours in the pass, coming to the hospice only when help was required, no notice of his absence was taken until Monday morning, when a search was organized and the dog was found in the debris of an avalanche.

Barry III is supposed to have been a direct descendant of one of the three famous St. Bernards to whom this breed of dogs owes its continued existence.

The monks of St. Bernard's hospice had been breeding the dogs almost ever since St. Bernard founded the institution in the twelfth century. In the middle of the nineteenth century an avalanche swept away the kennels in which the dogs were kept, and only three were saved. Their names were Pluto, Palias and Barry. The last-named animal, which is said to have been Barry II's ancestor, was orange-tawny in color, with white legs, stomach and collar, and a blaze down the face. He had the reputation of having saved the lives of forty travelers. When he died his skin was preserved and stuffed, and it is still on exhibition in the Berne museum.

A Fight for Freedom.

The New York and Boston newspapers have had accounts of a brave but vain struggle for freedom made by the polar bear that was captured by Henry Whitney in Arctic regions. The story is told with the flippancy and delight in sensation that the newspaper reporter is expected to display, and in it is not one word of sympathy for the unfortunate animal, captured by cunning enemies of superior skill, when he was soundly sleeping on an ice floe.

It does not seem possible that anyone can read this tragic fight for freedom, though so unfeelingly described, without the deepest pity for the poor, wild creature, and disgust with an amusement which causes these many tragedies in the animal world, but it is a sad fact that those who look at such captures from the animal's point of view are in the minority.

Mr. Whitney, Mr. Rainey and Mr. Hornaday enjoyed a comfortable luncheon while the "explorers" related with gusto the beginning of the tragedy — how they roped the sleeping bear, towed the ice floe to the ship and hoisted the bear on board, "half strangled and raging." Then came the long voyage with the captive securely caged and stupefied with misery.

While these men were cheerfully lunching, preparations were being made to take the wretched bear from the ship to the Bronx, and a terrible struggle ensued. This struggle lasted for ten hours, during which time the bear bit at the wooden bars until his mouth was torn and bleeding, and ripped with his powerful claws heavy planks from the sides and top of his cage.

One man was detailed to stand ready to shoot him if he seemed on the point of escaping (great pity it is that he could not have been shot then and there, and escaped the weary imprisonment he now is suffering); another man — a Bronx keeper — "hammered the King over the head with an iron bar" as the desperate animal forced his head out through the top of his cage. At last chloroform was obtained and a heavy dose given, then, unconscious and half dead, the wild denizen of Arctic regions was carried away, to awake in his prison where he is con-

demned to suffer a lifelong sentence, an innocent martyr to what we call civilization.

He may struggle and rage all he will, he may beat his great head against the bars and roar for his mates and his home in the ice fields far away, but it will only afford the more amusement to the frequenters of the Zoo, or, if he becomes too violent in his wrath and despair, bring the keeper with iron bars and cruel instruments of torture used to break the spirit of the homesick captives.

It is inconceivable how anyone with a spark of humanity can give one dollar to support a place where every hour means untold misery to helpless animals, yet men and women, supposed to be humane, approve Zoological Gardens, circuses and menageries, and there seems to be no help for such suffering in this present age of commercialism and barbarous love of sensation.—A. H. S.

In the July Everybody's Magazine, Hartley Davis has an article entitled "The Business Side of the Circus" in which he quotes the following prices for wild animals: A giraffe, \$7,000, and the chances are it will not live long. "Green Élephants," \$1,000 to \$5,000. A "green" chimpanzee, \$300; one that is acclimated may be worth \$2,500. A "Rhino," \$5,000 to \$10,000. The hippopotamus is equally expensive.

With such prices quoted for animals that are in demand for zoological gardens it would seem as if any city would hesitate long before assuming such an unnecessary expense. For the money used to purchase and feed wild animals several parks supplied with many innocent, useful educational diversions could be maintained in different quarters of the city.

An ideal park for children should have a shallow pond and safe boats; an outdoor gymnasium; a ball ground; a tennis court; a pleasant reading room; a rest room for mothers with babies; a lunch room where pure milk and a few simple articles of food could be bought at the cost price. Such parks on every side of the city would be an inestimable boon to thousands of

women and children. Add to these attractions a band of music two afternoons a week and it would be perfect. No zoological garden with caged wild beasts could compare with such parks for the comfort they would bestow.

Humane Agent Fund.

An appeal to citizens and summer residents of Maine has been sent out in form of a circular which reads as follows:

The laws of Maine provide that the governor may appoint state agents, with authority in all parts of the state, to enforce the laws respecting cruelty to animals. In 1907 the Farmington Humane Society procured the appointment of Dr. J. H. Rollin for this purpose, and a committee consisting of citizens of Maine and summer residents co-operates with the Farmington Society in providing for the necessary expenses. Dr. Rollin devotes his whole time to this work and goes to any part of the state where his services are needed. He began his duties September 1, 1907, and up to July 1, 1910, the record is as follows: Number of painfully lame or worn-out horses humanely killed, 298; number of prosecutions in court, 58. Of the 298 horses killed, all but seven were killed with the consent of the owner, and in those seven cases an order was obtained from the court. Of the persons prosecuted everyone was convicted. In addition, hundreds of persons were visited and warned. Dr. Rollin prosecutes only in extreme cases, and when a warning will suffice, a warning is given. The intention is to benefit man as well as beast. Destitute families with whom the agent is brought in contact are relieved, horse blankets and feed are given away in deserving cases, and sick or injured animals are treated without charge. Dr. Rollin acts not in opposition to, but in co-operation with the local agents, and he will gladly assist any local agent in the investigation or prosecution of any case.

Persons who become aware of any case of cruelty to animals are advised to apply to the local agent, if there is one. If there is no local agent, or if the local agent is, for any reason, unable or unwilling to act, apply to Dr. Rollin. His address is Dr. J. H. Rollin, Woodfords, Maine. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters; but all information will be treated as confidential.

The worst cases of cruelty to animals are not those which excite the most indignation, such as the beating, maiming or poisoning of horses and dogs. These are bad enough, but worse still are continual neglect, over-working, under-feeding, and especially the use of painfully lame or galled animals. A badly spavined horse, for example, is never free from suffering even when at rest. How many such horses are there in your neighborhood?

Contributions, large or small, will be received with gratitude, and may be sent to the treasurer or to any other member of the committee.

Henry C. Merwin, Secretary.

Weld, Maine, July, 1910.

The 42nd Annual Report has been received from the San Francisco S. P. C. A. The annual meeting was held July 18. The president, John Partridge, made an address. The secretary's report shows that 7,873 cases were investigated and 147 prosecuted, 982 horses were taken from work, 6,043 dogs, 3,336 cats and 84 horses were killed.

The society has a Work Horse Parade. It has dog and cat ambulances, a lethal chamber and a dog pound. It receives from the city \$8,910.95 for collecting unlicensed dogs, but reckoning the expense of conducting this work, the society expended \$9,549.90, just \$638.95 more than the society received.

About Dogs.

Those men and women who are opposed to a dog tax and who believe that dogs should be allowed to multiply sometimes hold up Constantinople as an example for other cities to follow. Careful study and observation, it would seem, ought to convince any reasoning person that it is not kind and not humane to allow dogs and cats to multiply beyond a number that can be intelligently cared for.

Two clippings have recently been sent to me from different sources, which I give complete.

Constantinople, July 16.

It will be recalled that owing to lack of space in the special enclosures outside the walls of Constantinople the government decided that the street dogs of Constantinople should be transported to the island of Ochia, in the Sea of Marmora. Although the unsuitability of this spot as a place of exile for the wretched animals was patent to everybody,

the authorities have persisted in their decision, and several thousand dogs have already been landed on its barren and inhospitable shores. The arrangements for feeding and watering the exiled dogs were so inadequate that they may be said to be worse than useless. A few sacks of crusts and cans of water do not go far among some thousands of starving dogs. They fight for the bread that is thrown among them, and the weaker animals prey on the dead bodies of the dogs that have already perished. The men conveying the bread and water to the island soon found that it was an unpleasant and even risky thing to go ashore, and have latterly thrown the bags containing food onto the island from their boats. Apparently they have given up landing water, so that the animals have nothing to drink but sea water. Fresh batches of pariahs continue to be conveyed to the island in lighters daily, and are thrown into the water when near the shore, so that they are obliged to swim to land. They usually, however, have to fight for a foothold, as the animals in possession all flock to the point nearest any boat approaching the island and resist the landing of newcomers. People who have been to the island say that the sight of all these animals and their pitiful condition is most painful. The stench is horrible, and infects the atmosphere for miles around. The poor creatures keep up a constant yapping and plaintive howling. The decaying carcasses have attracted and bred myriads of flies, which, according to eye-witnesses, hover about the island in clouds, and threaten to carry contagion to the neighboring islands, which are not very far distant. Large numbers of dogs have been drowned, and some of the carcasses have actually been carried by currents and southerly breezes as far as the Bosphorus. The newspapers have called the attention of the government to all these circumstances and to the danger of establishing a breeding ground of pestilence so near the city, but the deportations continue.—*Manchester Guardian*, July 21, 1910.

City Cleared of Street Dogs.

The municipal authorities of Constantinople, undeterred by celestial signs and portents, have at last fulfilled their threat and marshaled their levies against the famous street dogs of Constantinople.

All through the night in more than half the quarters of Pera and Stamboul, telegraphs The Times

correspondent, detachments of policemen and sweepers, armed with lassoes and huge wooden tongs, and followed by an imposing array of dust-carts, raided the unsuspecting and familiar beasts. Some they lassoed, others they gripped with their tongs and hoisted, for all their squeals and yelpings, into the dust-carts.

A few were spared at the intercession of soft-hearted inhabitants, who were, however, compelled to go bail for their protégés and to swear to provide them with collars bearing their names and addresses, and to pay the dog tax when the municipality should so decree. The captives were driven away—where, it is uncertain.

With one leg broken and one eye blinded by bee stings, a shepherd dog owned by Patrick Dolin of Cross Forks crawled six miles through the woods to a house and whined a message that obtained aid for his master, unconscious beneath and held prisoner by a tree that he had felled to gather a store of honey it contained.

Dolin also was terribly stung by the enraged bees, and had it not been for the sagacity of his canine companion there is little doubt that he would have perished, as his family did not know in which direction he went when he left home.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

STORIES FOR YOUNG AND OLD

An interesting story about a mule has been sent us from Knoxville, Tenn. The mule's name is "Old Nell." She was foaled August 16, 1852, and the story is that she has changed hands "close on to one hundred times" and is now, at the end of her life, in the hands of a member of the Burnett family and will remain with the Burnetts until her death. It is said that she left the Burnett's possession in 1880 on the occasion of a sale in which the estate of Mr. James Burnett was settled. She was then seen by Sanford Burnett, a boy of nine years, for the last time until he discovered her again when he was driving recently and recognized her. She was in a wagon loaded with apples and was trying to pull the wagon out of a

mud hole. There were a pair of mules on the team, but Mr. Burnett recognized one of them as "Old Nell" and bought her for fifteen dollars. She was a pitiful sight. There were numerous marks on her body, showing that she had not fared well in the last few years. She was streaked with gray, and her teeth were worn to the gums.

During the war she was pressed into the service, but was not heavy enough for the army. She worked in one of the forage wagons. During the siege she was captured by the federals and brought back into her own county by federal scouts. Here she was discarded again, a better animal being taken in her place, but she was recognized as the Burnett mule on account of a peculiar mark on her hip. In 1880 she was sold for \$38. Since then she has been traded and sold scores of times.

This is the fate of many of our patient, faithful horses and mules, and it is one of the saddest things in their lives that they have no sooner time to become accustomed to one master and attached to one place before they are turned off and put into strange hands again. No wonder they seem stupid and do not always understand what is asked of them to do. Every man has a different way of holding the reins; every man has a different way of speaking when he drives, but very few people stop to think how hard it is for the horses and mules that are so frequently changing owners to get accustomed to these different ways and voices and stables.

Old Nell is to be exhibited, they say, at the Appalachian Exposition at Knoxville. Her picture, as shown in the Knoxville paper, is a pitiable sight, and it is to be hoped the poor creature will fatten up and enjoy the comfort in her old age which she so rightly deserves.

Disaster Canyon and Camp, California.

While we were getting the outfit from some boxes, I ran across a nest of mice, with eyes not yet open. I thought I must kill them, there are so many, and are such a nuisance, but Harry begged me not to, and so I consented. I put the six babies in a box. After supper that night, as we were sitting around the camp-fire, mother mouse appeared, hunting for the babies. She ran all over our feet for them and finally Harry put the nest down in front of him, and in a few sec-

onds she spotted it, gave a little squeak of joy, grabbed one, and ran with it to the cliff of rocks a few yards away and went under a rock and then came back for number two.

At that we began to wonder if she could count. She came again and again until she got the sixth and put it away, appeared again, and to our amazement, she found the seventh and we were all wrong in our count. She got quite tame after that, and would eat from my hand. When I got back from the ranch trip I found more mice than supplies. Beans, fruit, flour, sugar, were eaten, and run over, so they were useless, so we had to set a trap, with a pail of water, and grain on top, and have caught many of the family, and the little mother came, after they were taken from the pail, and carried off every corpse, which only goes to show that even a mouse has a deep love for her offspring.

A Rescue at Sea.

An interesting account of a rescue at sea has been sent me by Miss Elizabeth Almy Gatter, who is very active in all humane work. She received it herself from someone who knew the story to be true.

A vessel went out from Rotterdam in foggy weather. Another vessel coming in an opposite direction was run into and began to sink. No one could get near the sinking ship and the captain, who was holding his child in his arms, was with his wife picked up afterward hanging on a piece of wood, but they were so exhausted that they both died. One of the men on the ship could not swim, but he suddenly felt himself lifted up and carried along in the water. He saw that a dog was swimming by his side and trying to save him. The dog succeeded in bearing him up until the boat reached him and so the man's life was saved by the dog.

The man who tells this story says that in Rotterdam a great deal is done for the animals; that they have a shelter for cats and dogs, and that those that are homeless are handled with a great deal of care, and killed when it is necessary most humanely. There is a law which regulates the weight of loads carried by horses, which law we might copy here in Massachusetts to ad-

vantage. Cattle and sheep are carried to the market most humanely and no one is allowed to beat them. Germany is no less advanced. In Berlin five police officers were given a prize for bringing in the largest number of cases of cruelty against animals to the court.

The Cow Decided.

A judgment worthy of Solomon, as homely and almost as wise, was pronounced recently by a civil magistrate in Bucharest, according to a traveler who called at the Daily News office in Paris the other day after a tour of eastern Europe. "It came about this way," explained the traveler. "In the month of May of last year a peasant living in the village of Predeal, near the Hungarian frontier, lost his cow. About two months ago he happened to be standing at the railroad station, watching a train load of cattle about to be sent across the frontier. Suddenly he gave a shout. 'That's my cow!' he cried, running toward one of the cars. The trainmen only laughed at him, and he went before the magistrate. This good man listened to the peasant's story patiently. Then he pronounced this judgment: 'The cow shall be taken to the public square of Predeal and milked. Then if it goes of its own accord to the plaintiff's stable, it shall belong to him.' The order of the court was carried out. And the cow, in spite of its ten months' absence, took without hesitation the lane which brought it, a few minutes later, into the peasant's stable."

Bungalow Notes.

PINE RIDGE. OUT ON THE VERANDA.

SEPTEMBER 4. Sunday mornings come around so quickly it almost seems as if we had Sunday twice a week. This is a particularly beautiful morning. It rained heavily in the night and every little twig is hung with a sparkling rain drop. Blue Hill is hidden in a very blue mist and the same mist slightly veils the woods across the lane, but the sun is struggling through and soon all will be light.

The Man-of-the-Bungalow just went down the slippery rocks and set the breakfast table

for the birds. He has gone back into the house to give Nora and Trixy their breakfasts and I hear him trying to urge Nora, who unless she is very hungry waits before taking dog biscuit, or Johnny cake or graham muffin, to see if she can get a sweet cake.

Her master is calling, "Fido, Fido!" in order to tempt her to eat. I have known Nora, after she has eaten all she wants, to sit on the board walk an hour guarding some part of her breakfast that she would not eat for fear old Bobs or Fluffy or Fido would come up to the bungalow and get it. As these dogs all are apt to prowl around our back door after they have been fed at the cottage to see what the bungalow dogs have had, and left, there is some ground for Nora's fears, though I regret her acting the "dog in the manger."

The birds are close by; I hear the flutter of their wings and see little flitting forms between the trees, but they are shy about alighting this morning. Now a sparrow is venturing, and now another. The chick-a-dees are singing close by; they do not care for crumbs excepting in cold weather, but they come to the bird pool to drink and bathe.

Nora has just rushed tumultuously out from the kitchen to the veranda and coming to my chair she put her cold nose against my arm and looked into my face with a speaking look. I know what it means. It says, "I have eaten my duty breakfast and now I want you to go out with me and throw a few puppy biscuits and a lump of sugar for me to chase after and eat." When she refuses to eat from her dish I have often found she will eat almost anything if I throw it down the path of the woods. It is an easy way of making her happy, providing the day is pleasant, so off we go.

We had our run and Nora and Trixy chased little crackers, searching for them in the grass, pretending they were field mice, I suppose. Who can say that dogs do not possess imagination? I carried along with me a few lumps of sugar for the horses who spied me out and put expectant noses over the paddock fence.

We have been putting up a new kind of a fence which was highly recommended and we felt per-

fectly satisfied with it until yesterday. The oldest horse at Pine Ridge is retired from an ice cream wagon, named by his mistress, who had used him twenty years, Old Huckleberry. He is said to be thirty-two years old and when he was brought to Pine Ridge by his mistress it was with the idea that he was feeble with age. She loved him, she said, as she loved the members of her family and could not have him killed, so we finally consented to let him pass the few remaining years of his useful life at Pine Ridge.

But Old Huckleberry was not so feeble as we supposed. In a few weeks he owned the place; he bossed the other horses and chased them about the pasture as lively as a colt. It was this, our oldest inmate, who showed us that the new hurdle fencing could be thrown down by a determined horse and Edward saw him achieve the feat of upsetting it.

Old Huckleberry, because of his sins, was put in a paddock alone. In the next paddock, divided off by the hurdle fence, were the horses he longed to have a chance to nip and squeal at. He stood and thought about it, then he examined the gate. He bit it; he shook it with his strong old teeth; then, finding this did not answer, he thought again and after a moment's hesitation he drew back a little way from the fence and made a bold dash at it with such force that he knocked a whole section flat upon the ground and marching over it triumphantly, entered the society he craved.

Old Huckleberry is not always quarrelsome. He has his bad days, wherein he is not unlike some of his two-footed friends. Today he is so gentle and meek that when I went to the fence to give two guests (livery stable horses) a treat of sugar he kept modestly in the background until they each had their portion. It is easy to tell when he can be allowed to mingle with other horses now that his little ways are understood.

OCTOBER 1. There has been a rapid change in the scenery about the bungalow within three weeks. The oaks are turning russet and scarlet. The nut trees are yellow and their leaves are falling. The pine trees and the cedars keep their color and to them the late robins and the chick-a-dees flock. There were six fat robins

bathing in our bird pool together today. The chick-a-dees watched their chance, but the robins stayed close to the little pool for one or two hours, hopping in and out of the water and picking up morsels in among the rocks that form the pool. The blue jays screeched in the neighboring trees and we saw a bluebird fly close to the veranda.

But summer has gone. "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended"—and I have not yet taken the vacation I have been thinking about since the trees first put on their coats of green.—Anna Harris Smith.

HUMANE EDUCATION

I have heard it stated that rabbits are not sensitive to suffering. The following extract from a letter recently received from Scotland would seem to show the fallacy of this statement:

"We were having tea on the terrace with some friends who have a delightful little old castle near here and we saw a rabbit run up a gravel path, followed by a weasel. When they got near the wood the rabbit ran very slowly and it was evident that the weasel would overtake it. We all ran as fast as we could, but just before we got there the weasel jumped on the rabbit, which cried most pitifully.

"When we came up the weasel ran away, but though the rabbit had no wound it was apparently dying. Its heart beat very feebly and its respiration was very short. We took it up and laid it on the grass. By and by the children came and gave it milk, but when we came away it seemed to be weaker and had apparently been frightened to death, which I am told happens to small animals when they are chased by weasels or ferrets.

"The horses in Scotland all look very good and very well cared for, but almost every one of the great work horses is docked, or if not docked the hair is shaved off the tail except a little lock at the top which is tied with a ribbon. You can't imagine anything more ugly."

Singing to the Eggs.

The stormy petrel builds her nest just above the Atlantic billows, on the islets near Iona and the Hebrides. There, beyond the rocks, is a black, buttery soil in which the birds burrow like little winged mice and on nests of sea pink lay one egg.

There is, in the Outer Hebrides, a very pretty popular belief as to the way in which the eggs are hatched. The birds, say the people, hatch their eggs, by sitting not on them, but near them, at a distance of six inches. There the petrels turn their heads toward the opening of the burrow and coo at the eggs day and night, and so hatch them with a song.

This sounds like a fable made out of folklore, but it really has a basis in fact, according to one authority. Although he never heard the cooing noise by day, he often did in the evening. It is rather a purring sound. When the nest is opened the bird is usually found cowering a few inches away from its egg.

Perhaps the truth is that the burrows are so warm that there is no need of a higher temperature induced by animal heat, and the parent bird can afford to sit down and sing over the excellence of the arrangement.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Surgery for Horses.

Science does not save all her favors for humankind. The horse comes in for a good share of the improvements of modern surgery. It is largely due to American inventiveness that operations on horses have been rendered more humane, and that the proportion of successful operations has been immensely increased. This success depends much on the use of an operating-table that has come into general favor.

The contrivance for holding horses during operations is a marvel of ingenuity. It might be called a vise. It makes possible the placing of a horse in any position with the greatest ease and the holding of him with rigidity. Not the least important feature is the saving of pain. This contrivance makes it almost impossible for a horse to struggle and injure itself.

The old way of securing a horse was by casting. This consisted in hobbling the animal's four legs

and throwing him on a heap of straw. Many cases of broken backs occurred by reason of the violent struggles of the animals. Sometimes a neck was broken or a skull fractured in this process. Another source of great danger lay in the clouds of dust, laden with germs, which arose from the heap of straw, and rendered aseptic methods impossible.

The contrivance referred to—a table—consists of a massive frame of such size and shape as to contain a horse standing and it revolves round a central horizontal axis. The end piece in front is padded to receive the animal's head. The whole machine is revolved by means of a lever and so exactly balanced that it is possible to rotate a heavy horse with one hand. Every part of the animal's body is held firmly.

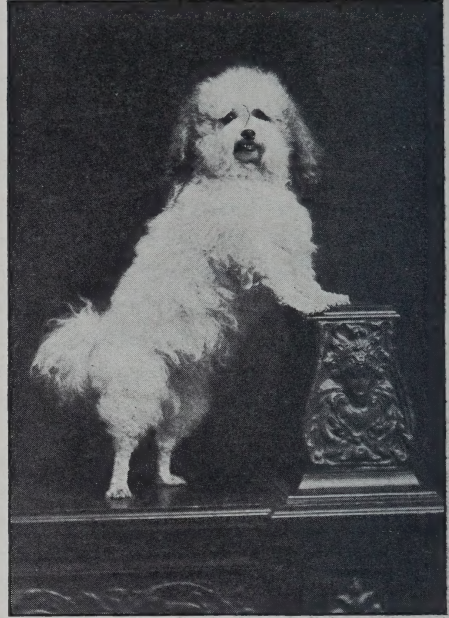
By turning a winch the horse is raised until his feet leave the ground, then the whole apparatus is revolved and the horse placed in a horizontal position without any shock or pain whatever. He cannot struggle, and usually he does not try to.

The table can be fixed at any angle. Every part of the animal is accessible to the surgeon, who can operate under the most favorable conditions. Chloroform can be administered with ease.

It is a simple matter to back the horse into the contrivance, which is similar to putting him into the shafts of a wagon. Once in position, the side bar is adjusted and the horse is a prisoner. A stout band of canvas is passed under the animal and his feet and legs secured. At a signal an attendant turns a small wheel, and the animal is instantly swung off his feet. From this time he is under perfect and absolute control.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Bobbie.

The picture accompanying this letter is of a remarkable little dog that lived to the extreme old age of nearly twenty. His father and mother came from the Island of Malta, and he was raised and owned by one of our members, Mrs. Nettie MacConnell, who writes: "His friends were many. At his funeral were some that came as far as from New York; he had many flowers, and a pretty little headstone marks his resting place. His little effects



BOBBIE.

were donated to the League. He attended several of your beautiful lectures, and seemed to enjoy them as much as the people. He has been dead three months now, and there has never a day passed yet that we have not placed bouquets on his dear little grave. I cannot tell you how I miss him, dear little soul!"

A Stranger Within Our Gates.

Among the many piteous sights to be seen in our streets one of the saddest is the poor little monkey, forced to earn a living for his lazy and often cruel master. The tricks which he performs are generally taught him by pain and terror. His pleading eyes are full of suffering and sorrow as he raises them to those of the passer-by; yet people laugh at his misery, and reward the idle man or boy who loafs about with the poor little creature, instead of gaining a livelihood by honest work.

The particular kind of monkey (*Cebus*) usually brought here to be slave to the barrel-organ or wandering Italian is a native of sunny Africa. The cold and damp of this climate kill him by inches; he is a little martyr whose sad fate is already sealed, while he trips about or squats hopelessly on the icy pavement. In spite of

his little jacket, he is wretchedly, miserably, pitifully cold.

The little fellow ought to be climbing tropical trees, plucking sweet fruits and nuts, and romping with his friends. His lot in this country, and particularly in the foggy, foul, vile and dirty London streets, is indeed hard to bear after a free life in the balmy South. His food is scanty and ill-chosen; he is a stranger in a foreign land.

Do some little kindness for him if you can; put a morsel of food into the tiny wrinkled hand and watch him eat it, but never reward the person who makes a show of the poor little dumb thing, regardless of its distress, that he himself may eat the bread of idleness. The newspapers often report cases of barbarous torture inflicted on wretched little performing monkeys by the grinning ruffians who carry them about. The foolish antics at which a silly, thoughtless crowd look on and smile are no laughing matter to the poor little monkey. You see he cannot speak for himself, nor tell the lookers-on what torments he has had to bear while learning his lessons behind the scenes at the hands of his remorseless master. Be good to the little foreigner far from his own country, and already doomed to die on this bleak island. Take his part when you can. Do not encourage people to bring these unfortunate little animals here to perish. If kindly men, women, and children would give some little treat to the monkey—a biscuit, a few nuts, or a little fruit—and refuse to pay his murderers, these painful sights would soon cease to disgrace the roads and pavements of our villages and towns.

At home, in his own forest, the monkey shows not only a merry but a most affectionate and faithful disposition. So intense is the love of mother-monkeys for their young that the death of the little ones sometimes causes that of the parent, and the regard of the mates for one another is equally strong. A story is told of a monkey who, on his mate being shot, presented himself at the tent door of the hunter, with mute gestures demanded the corpse, and bore it sorrowfully away in his arms. Those who saw it resolved never to shoot a monkey again.

A traveler shot a female monkey with a young one, and on going up to her as she lay on the

ground, she clasped her little one close to her breast with one arm, while with the other hand she pointed to her wound, dipped her finger in the blood, and seemed by dumb signs to accuse him of being the cause of her own death, and as a consequence, of that of her suckling infant, to whom she kept on drawing his attention. It was the last monkey that this man ever slaughtered. The touching sight determined him to abjure a sport so odious. Yet the fate of monkeys killed in their own forests is less wretched than that of the unfortunate specimens imported in large numbers to this country and sold at ten shillings apiece, or less, either to pine away from consumption and brutal treatment in the streets or to be used for vivisectional purposes, perhaps for exhibition first and vivisection afterwards.—Edith Carrington.

Hoist on His Own Petard.

The cruelty of trapping was brought forcibly and painfully home to Gus Sposs, of Wyoming, a professional hunter, while recently setting a trap for a bear. Stumbling into it with both hands, he was held for more than twenty-four hours before he was released, and in his frenzy he used the same means of escape employed by wild animals, nearly gnawing off one of his own wrists. He lost both hands, and it is considered likely that he will die. Yet the experience will probably not bring home to other trappers a sense of the terrible torture they inflict upon animals.—*Vogue*.

Swiss naturalists have recently presented to the Helvetian Society of Natural Science the results of their studies of the remains of dogs found among the ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland, the earliest of which date from the Age of Stone, says the Philadelphia Record. It has been found that three different races of dogs existed there at that time, one of which resembled the Siberian sledge dog of today. Later, when the Age of Bronze dawned upon the Alps, two new species appeared, one being a shepherd dog and the other a hunting dog. All of these dogs were of Northern origin, the canine types of the Mediterranean bands not having crossed the Alps.

**CARE OF OUR
USEFUL FRIENDS**

Be careful how you turn a horse that has been accustomed to a dry stable out to grass in autumn. He is poorly prepared to stay out in a cold rain, much less to lie on the wet ground. The exposure is too great and can only work harm; lung troubles may follow.

Nothing improves the coat of a horse so much or so quickly as a little ground flaxseed mixed with his daily grain ration.

Shoe every horse as lightly as possible for the labor he has got to perform and thus avoid needless concussion and jar to feet and legs.

Never use a narrow bit. Buy the largest and easiest one that you can find.—*Farm Journal*.

Everybody's Magazine for September has an article by G. W. Ogden entitled "Bringing in the Fleece," which throws a good deal of light on the care — or lack of care — of these gentle, useful sufferers, the sheep. There are about 50,000,000 sheep in the United States, Mr. Ogden says, and they represent more than a billion dollars.

How are they cared for?

Generally speaking, they are not cared for at all. "A flockmaster is considered unfortunate indeed if driven to the necessity of feeding his flock in winter. It is generally considered cheaper to allow such of the animals as cannot weather the stress to make an end of it in their own way.

"Sheep are grazed in flocks ranging from 1,800 to 3,500 head. One man and a dog handle this number. . . . Each herder has with him a dog, sometimes two. These dogs are remarkably intelligent and well trained. One will do as much work as ten men could do around a band of sheep. The herder sends him out to spread the flock, turn the sheep or bunch them, shouting his orders as long as the dog can hear, then signalling his commands by waving his hat or coat.

"In winter the herders 'feed' the sheep against the wind. If a man started them out with it he would never get them back at night to the

bedding ground. At evening he drives them back to the lea hillside where they nurse their half-satisfied appetites through the long, bleak night. He hasn't a mouthful of hay to offer them, not a handful of corn. If the great drear prairie has not yielded sufficient they must suffer and wait for another day, to begin again the fierce tussle with wind and snow and hunger, and so day in and day out, until spring comes, or starvation relieves them.

"Should the wind shift in the night, and sleet and snow come pelting in the faces of the sheep as they lie, he must hasten out, quiet them, and move them before they stampede. Sometimes, in fact too frequently, his efforts are vain—they have started on their drift to destruction before he reaches them. Once a flock of sheep sets out on a quiet, slow stampede before a storm, nothing can stop it. All the herder can do is to follow, and this he does—if he doesn't, he loses his job—often to his own melancholy end beneath a drift of snow.

"The flock goes on, reaching at last the lip of a stream, sheer-cut, deep, where those in the lead pause. Back of them the blind, stolid crowding forward continues, the leaders are pushed over the brink, those that follow leap after—hundreds upon hundreds—to smother in the narrow channel, which soon fills to the brim. This is called a 'pile-up,' and in such stampedes thousands of sheep are lost every winter on the range. There's really no use mentioning the herders that perish in the storms. Don't they get forty dollars a month 'and found' for taking the risk?

"It is a cruel business, this range-sheep growing, cruel and hard and rough. The waste of animal life through starvation, freezing, and smothering in stampedes is enormous. A few, a very few, flockmasters make provision for hard winters; but the majority do not. Let there come a wet snow, falling with little wind, as happens on some parts of the range each winter, and the grass is buried. The sheep then huddle on their bedding ground and wait; the herder sits in the wagon by his stove, reading his magazines, or smoking his pipe, or chewing his tobacco, or indulging whatever similar foible he may foster. He knows he can't help the sheep.



STARVING IN THE SNOW.

A regiment of empty-handed herders could do no more than one. It snows on, the wind blows afresh, the temperature drops. The wet snow covering the brown grass out on the pasture lands takes on a crust of ice, ice cakes the fleeces of the sheep; they huddle together, pleading in tremulous bleats for the succor which does not come. The storm rages across the wilds, bending its force upon them. They sink beneath the weight of hunger and cold and snow, and perish, wailing their anguish until death stifles their quavering lament.

"It's cheaper, figures the flockmaster, in proportion to the cost of feed when a man must buy it, to let a large percentage of the flocks starve than to bring all through the winter by feeding. It must be remembered that the sheep lost, unless a man is just starting out, represent very little, in actual cost of production, to the flockmaster. The range has done all of it, save the labor of the herder and his dog."

So they starve to death, and die, the innocent, gentle sheep and lambs, by thousands, that man may feed on their flesh.

The great event of the year, Mr. Ogden says, is shearing. The shearers are men of many nations, a "rough, greasy, hard swearing, hard drinking lot," and it is easy to see how little care such men will take to handle the sheep humanely. The shearing is often done too early in the season and the wool cut too close to the body, so, again, the sacrifice of life to furnish mankind with clothing is great. The sheep are robbed of their warm coats and freeze and die that man may be warmly clad.

One sheep owner had 2,400 sheep chilled to death in a single night, a blizzard having swept the country just after the shearing.

There is a little comfort held out for those of us who feel the sufferings of these helpless creatures, in the close of the article. The State Agricultural College of Wyoming is issuing bulletins of information to farmers encouraging them to settle upon the prairies of Wyoming and Montana and grow farm produce. Dry farming, as they call it, is a success, when a farmer understands how to succeed without irrigation. It is well known, Mr. Ogden says, that increased cultivation will be followed by increased rainfall. This has been demonstrated in the great wheat belt of Kansas. This means a prospect of smaller flocks on home ranges and an end to promiscuous grazing. It will necessitate feeding in winter. Much of the cruelty and hardship now so common will be done away with and the West, under such conditions, will not only gain in humanity but yield more and better sheep than under the present conditions which have led many humane persons to give up eating the flesh of sheep or lamb and to try to invent ways of keeping warm without the use of wool.

I am a strong advocate of keeping both dogs and cats in the house or barn at night, but if they are to be deprived of their liberty day and night they would better be dead. I should like a law made compelling owners of cats and dogs to keep them in at night, for they are a serious disturbance when they are at large. A few half-starved, neglected dogs running wild at night in the woods trying to find their own living, will disturb all the families living near the woods and prevent sleep. Cats that are out in the early morning hours will naturally seek their breakfast and find it in the early birds that are looking for the proverbial worm. The Animal Rescue League does not, if it knows it, place any dog or cat where it is to be left out at night or fastened up by day.

The number of children who bring kittens and cats to the League and to the branches of the League constantly increases.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

Our Annual Fair.

We ask everybody, everywhere, who is interested in the work of the Animal Rescue League for dogs, cats, horses, small animals and birds, to send some donation for our Fair at Copley Hall, which will be held Monday, December 5, from 10 A. M. until 6 P. M., Tuesday, the same hours, and Wednesday, closing at 1 P. M. Donations of money, stamps, articles, may be sent at any time to Mrs. Huntington Smith, 51 Carver Street, Boston, marked "For the Fair," and will be promptly acknowledged.



PRINCE.



"FERNCLIFF," NORTH WOODSTOCK, N. H., WHERE PRINCE PASSES THE SUMMER.

League Letters.

"Your postal of August 10th was forwarded to me at North Woodstock, N. H., where I was staying during the month of August with my family. Answering your two questions in regard to the dog I got from you on May 10th, would say that he is perfectly satisfactory to us, except that sometimes he will, in spite of all we

can do, growl at and fly at dogs much larger than himself. This seems to be his only fault—how few of us have only one fault! He has a glossy coat, fine head, beautiful silky ears and an intelligent face.

"He seems perfectly contented. A cousin of ours who is very fond of dogs said, 'I do hope you will take Prince with you up to the mountains, he will have such a good time,' and in fact he did have 'the time of his life,' chasing (but never catching) chipmunks, running after pigeons, who calmly soared away, climbing the mountains with us and enjoying life generally.

"I think it was Frances Willard who said of work like yours for dumb animals, 'It is second to none founded in the name of Christ.' I enclose photo of cottage where we were. With best wishes, sincerely yours,—W. D. B."

Washington, D. C.

"I am a little girl seven years old, and I take Our Fourfooted Friends and like it very much. I like dogs and cats and horses. I have a little kitten now. I had a little Cuban poodle; it was white, but it died. We have such bad luck with animals. One little gray kitten I had got hung on the hook by his neck. After we got him off the shutter, why he got better and lived all the summer; we went away in the summer. At last we sent him to the cat doctor, and he died. His name was Grayball. Very truly your little friend,—Elizabeth Adams Mahon."

Somerville.

"In answer to your card received some time ago, will say that the dog I received from you was more than satisfactory. He is perfectly contented and happy and is the beloved companion of my little boy. His (the dog's) other playmate is my little angora kitten, with whom he plays in great shape as gentle as a lamb. Wishing you success and thanking you for him, I am sincerely,—Mrs. E. A. P."

Lynn, Mass.

"Pardon me for not answering yours of May 27th as my nights were all taken up last week. The dog seems to be contented and likes his home very much, for when we let him loose in the morning he takes a ramble for two or three hours but always gets home for dinner. We all are very fond of him as he is so affectionate and intelligent. My wife has taught him several tricks which he can perform very nicely especially if he is to be rewarded with something he likes to eat. If any of your representatives should happen to be around this way we should be pleased to show the dog to them. Very truly yours,—T. H."

During the month of September the League received 442 dogs, 1,992 cats and kittens and 18 horses.



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